

THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XLIV.

FEBRUARY, 1889.

No. 7.

THE CIVIL WAR AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.

ENGLISH literature most properly means, not the literature of England, but the literature of the English language. We claim our share in all the treasures of recorded thought that have been or that shall be uttered in our English tongue. Nevertheless our distinct nationality must have its free development, and must produce all the natural manifestations of national life. This has already appeared in our history, and even now our national literature is an acknowledged reality. Though we trace back the noble stream of our literature to English sources, and grant that even yet it is pervaded by a foreign element difficult to estimate, we none the less have a type distinguishable from that of all other peoples speaking and writing the same language, and effecting its due share of those modifications in language itself, whereby human thought marks the record of its progress. And this development in our country has been governed, not only by the peculiarities of race and environment, but also by the crises through which the

nation has passed. Of these, none has had, or still has, a greater influence than our late war. We propose to consider briefly its bearing upon the material of our literature, upon its authorship, and upon its spirit.

The material of literature in a new country is necessarily limited. We have sometimes been taunted by foreigners with having "no history." The historians of other lands have no lack of worthy themes, with their ancient records, traditions and legends to ponder over and to estimate. They can trace back their country's history to remote ages, and find it signalized by memorable epochs and glorious reigns, with long periods of tranquility intervening, rich in learning and improvement, and beautified by all the virtues and arts of peace. Not so with the writers of our country. A single century can they trace back our history and find it national, and only three centuries and find it American. So true was this that "Plymouth Rock, Bunker Hill and Yorktown were jingled by ambitious writers and orators with such diligent reiteration as showed a pocket nearly empty of historic coin." But it can no longer be said of our nation that it has "no history." Aside from the events which have been so much discussed in our magazines and literature in general, and which culminated in that final catastrophe in which the mighty fabric of Confederate rebellion fell in sudden and utter ruin, we have now no lack of material for interesting description and profound disquisition. And our writers have not been slow in drawing on this storehouse. The historians of the past never depicted upon their vivid pages scenes and incidents which had a deeper meaning, in which greater interests were at stake or more important principles involved, than those pictured by the historians of this period. We have but to remember what were the questions involved, to trace their influence in all the departments of our literature. Never was a political issue more momentous than this—whether a nation or numberless fragmentary, petty "sovereignties"

should inherit the future of this continent. Never was a political issue based upon a holier moral question than this—whether a great people, possessing a nationality consecrated to liberty, should consent to its immolation upon the altar of slavery or break the yoke from the necks of four millions of its own people. These themes, with the many others which are connected with the war, have been treated of for twenty-five years. Nor are they yet exhausted as matters of history or in their philosophical bearings. For our struggle placed us in a position to look forth over other lands and to observe in them the progress of liberty, to aid them in the settlement of questions of vital import and to see the gradual culmination of those great principles, made purer and clearer to us having passed through the fire, that shall reveal and direct the future of the world.

Nor is it history alone to which the war has furnished abundant material. Our poets have found and will find in its events themes of solemnity and of pathos, as well as of heroic sacrifice and patriotism. Homer never had worthier themes than Whittier, Lowell and Holmes, nor worthier heroes than those who followed and obeyed that now silent chief who bore one of Homer's noblest names and redoubled its ancient glory. Our vast country, with its scenes of grandeur and picturesque beauty has inspired many other lyrists to song, but are not these scenes now enriched with elements of poetry of far deeper significance and far greater power? No mean theme of song was the Father of Waters gathering his tribute from so vast a realm and bearing the commerce of so many States. A name of poetry was Mississippi, but the heroes and heroic deeds now forever associated with it have doubled its poetic significance. Nor have our verse makers failed to invest their stanzas with irresistible charms as again and again they have raised our standard of manhood and ennobled our literature by setting forth in solemn yet triumphant verse all the heroism, all the glorious triumph and all the

mighty sacrifice which its flowing waters saw. Our poets are no longer confined to Indian legend and foreign myth, but find subjects far closer and dearer to the hearts of their readers in these and other themes, and thus fulfil in a much greater degree their mission among men.

There is still another species of literature to which our civil war furnished an inexhaustible supply of facts and incidents—the historical romance. It may, indeed, be questioned whether the simplest narration of these facts and incidents, the real experiences of this memorable time, does not surpass in interest all that the most vivid imagination can invent. But however this may be, the depicting and grouping of these, with the illustrating of the characters so intimately connected with them, have been the means of developing high artistic powers in this species of composition. We have only to glance over this field of American literature to be willing to acknowledge that in this department alone enough has been done to give our literature a distinctive character and an honorable name.

In passing to the consideration of the authorship of our literature, if the war slew many who were or would have become authors of power and fame, we cannot doubt its invigorating and fertilizing influence upon those who were then too young to fight, but are now in the prime of life, and upon those whose minds caught their early impulses from its inspiration. The character of our institutions of learning and the usages and spirit of the time render isolation from these influences impossible even at this late date. The tremendous questions of the struggle still exert a powerful influence upon the minds of students, appearing, as many of them do, in the political life of the present. Our minds are quickened, roused and profoundly moved, and at the same time awed, solemnized and mightily uplifted by their influence. It has been said that the stability of our government will depend in the future upon the educated men of the land; it is no less true that the advancement of our literature rests with the students of to-day. If this be a

fact, we who have heard the wail of woe and the shout of triumph, softened by distance, yet distinctly sounding through our academic groves, must take up these topics of historical and philosophical investigation, these themes of eloquence and subjects for song, and do our part in giving them form and permanence for the enrichment of our literature.

The struggle which declared our right to live as a nation, and bound us more irrevocably to the principles of liberty, also exerted an immense influence on the spirit of our literature. Its spirit is simply the spirit of the nation. The national mind utters its thought, embodies its convictions and records its progress in the national literature. Can we be surprised that its tone is more earnest, more sincere, more devout than before? The tendencies to effeminacy were very manifest in the years of rapidly accumulating wealth and of abounding luxury which preceded the war. They found expression in that part of our literature on which so much time and sensibility is wasted and in which the powers and intellect find no vigorous exercise. Pamphlets and volumes written in the interests of no truth, in devotion to no idea and having no higher aim than to render pleasant the passing of time, which readers ignobly wished to fritter away. The war has doubtless done us good in this respect. It has made us a more serious people. It not only gave us subjects of thought and endeavor, but revealed powers and capabilities in the nation before unknown to ourselves or others. Both the masculine and feminine minds have been invigorated and elevated in tone, each having had its full share in the toils as well as in the sacrifices of the war. The national mind has thus come to desire and to produce a more earnest literature. The great corruptor of our literature was demolished in the fight. That organized power which dictated so haughtily and so insultingly, yet, it must be confessed, so successfully to readers, writers and thinkers. The chains of slavery were not alone on the limbs of the black, they were on the hands of the white as

well, and their threatening presence bound almost every tongue that would have proclaimed against them. We must acknowledge that our oratory was trammelled, our ethics biased, our politics corrupted, and our literature, in all its departments, enfeebled. A few noble spirits in the field of literature, worthy companions of a few in the political arena, used pen and voice in protest and in an irrepressible conflict with these evils, but, as a rule, writers and statesmen alike were subservient to their power. But the victory of the field had wider results than the preservation of the Union. North and South alike, our thinkers and writers have renewed their allegiance to truth, their faith in her unconquerable power and sure ultimate prevalence, and have thus aided in the production of a literature less trammelled by secular power and truer to the highest standards of right and purity.

Such in brief are some of the more important changes wrought in our literature by the struggle which gave us the right to live as a nation. But though we have worked our way out from ancient prejudices and hindering fallacies into the clear light of Christian truth, and have thus given our literature a new lease of life, we have but half won the victory. There will be other struggles to wage in behalf of literature, notwithstanding what has been accomplished as to theme and spirit. The malign forces that were overthrown by the war are not annihilated by being dispossessed of that peculiar embodiment. These and other powers of evil are abroad in the atmosphere of thought, ready to corrupt opinion and to poison society. Though the strife against these may be a bloodless one, yet it is none the less a vital one. And it is only as He, who wrought these past wonders, guides the thought of this people and sanctifies all its modes and instruments of expression to the holiness of truth, that our literature will steadily and swiftly work its way among the anxieties, perils and perplexities incident to its condition, and, out upon the broad field of humanity, do its part in building the fabric of our country's hopes.

L. S. M.

THE KITTI-WAKE.

A LEGEND OF GREENLAND.

[The similarity in theme between the following poem and one published in the January number of *Harper's Magazine*, justifies this explanatory note. The author constructed this poem upon an Esquimaux legend which he chanced upon in a New England newspaper. We have this article before us, and quote:

"A Greenland hunter was stalking along the coast, one day, carrying in his hand his bow and arrows, when he beheld a flock of large sea-birds drawn closely together at a space of open water. They were chattering and screaming to each other, after the manner of gulls and kitti-wakes, when the hunter saw the biggest of their number perch upon a block of ice and utter a peculiar cry. At that moment each one of the flock became transformed into a woman, with the same bright eyes and black-and-gray costume. Being clad in white skins, the Greenlander was invisible as he crept towards them over the snow. Thus he came at last, unperceived, into the throng, and caught the nearest with a firm grasp, while the rest, turning again into sea-birds, flew southward with wild and prolonged cries. The strange sea girl thus made a prisoner was slender and graceful, with quick, roving eyes like a gull, and had a way of beating her long arms, as if they had been wings. She accompanied the hunter, however, without much reluctance, to his hut of snow. He made her his wife. They lived together for three years, during which she bore him two children. The children seemed to reconcile her to human life, and at last he did not hesitate to let her accompany him to the chase, which she followed with wonderful skill. Nevertheless, she always stipulated that he should not shoot at the wild gulls of her own original race. One morning, when game had been very scarce and all of them were hungry, the husband came suddenly upon a company of gulls. He forgot the compact to which he had pledged himself, and, shooting quickly, killed three or four of the band. Then the wife called out to the children: 'Little ones, bring me quick some of those feathers.' They came to her with their hands full of plumage, which she laid upon their arms and her own shoulders. The seal skins fell from them; soft plumes, with wings and tails, grew from all three, and the mother and children rose into the cold air. Thrice they swept above the head of the disconsolate hunter, and then, uttering the loud scream of the kitti-wake, they disappeared towards the south."

This account we have condensed somewhat, but not otherwise changed. It will be seen that the author of this poem has followed the legend quite closely. Legends of swan maidens are abundant in the folk-lore of all northern peoples. We do not remember to have seen this one elsewhere than in this newspaper clipping, nor have we been able to find it in a rather hasty examination of the collections of folk-lore accessible to us.

The MS. of this poem was in our possession and accepted for publication some time before the appearance of the one similar to it in the January *Harper's*.—EDITOR'S NOTE.]

THE day is here, the long, long day,
The stars shine cold and dim;
Slow from his lair comes the Arctic bear,
Hunger has wakened him.

Now, huntsman, up with thy antlered bow,
And thy spear bright-tipped with steel,
And pause thou not till thou reach the spot
Where lies yon drowsy seal.

Up and away!—Too late, too late!
The seal has raised its head,
And scenting in fear thy presence near,
The fox and the bear have fled.

I fear me, huntsman, thy quest is vain;
The hours grow on apace,
The great red sun is sinking down,
And hunger is hard to face.

But stay! By the water's icy brink
Down swoop, like snowy flakes,
On yon shelving rock, a whirling flock
Of gulls and kitti-wakes.

Away, away, O, huntsman bold!
Thy arrows are sharp, I ween;
There is food and light for thee this night,—
And the white floe-blocks between.

With bow fast clutched in his eager hand,
Like a shadow he glides anear;
Why does he wait and hesitate,
As sudden struck with fear?

Lo! rose a sea-bird's plaintive cry,
Sore sweet, but woful strange:
Full wild his stare, for to maidens fair
He sees them wheel and change.

Ah, huntsman, pause! They are the Kalds;
Their home is the shuddering wave,
And their clinging breath is the dew of death
That lures man to his grave!

O, stay thee, stay thee, huntsman bold!
Wouldst weal or woe acquire?
For I see the light in thy eye gleam bright
With the flame of thy desire.

In vain, in vain! His skins show white
As the snow wide-wreathed between,
And the floe-blocks piled in chaos wild
His crouching form will screen.

Like a wraith of the night, full slow he creeps
Over the ice-field wide;
Now he has passed the blocks; at last
He is close the group beside.

One leap—in his arms the nearest lies,
Ere she can moan or cry,
While as sea-birds white, the rest take flight,
And shriek as they pass him by.

Her garments are all of white and gray,
As the plumes of the birds, I trow :
Her face is fair, with flowing hair,
And her breasts like the driven snow.

Her eyes glance bright as the screaming gull's,
Skimming the tossing main,
And her arms she beats as the gull's wing meets
The whirl of the hurricane.

Ah, huntsman, grant thy captured maid
May naught but fortune bear !
For the bitter strife of thy cold, lone life
She is too wondrous fair.

He bears her away to his hut of snow,
Clasped close in his sinewy arms,
And the cloud is gone from the face of the sun,
And the chill from the winter' storms.

He wraps her warm in skins soft-tanned,
Her walls with seal-skins hung ;
When the winds blow bleak she learns to speak
In his soft and native tongue.

O huntsman, guard thy strange sea-maid !
When all about thee sleeps,
When the wild winds scream she does not dream ;
She listens, and starts and weeps.

"Huntsman, pledge me thine own true word
That e'en for life's own sake,
By night or day, thou wilt not slay
Nor snare the Kittiwake."

And thy lips have spoken the solemn oath
And the gods thy vow have heard.
Ill be the day thy arm doth slay
The fateful grey sea-bird !

Sun and night, and sun again,
Through calm and wintry sky.
Good fortune, I see, doth follow thee
As the swift days pass thee by.

Slow uprises the sun's red rim.
Huntsman, thy home is blessed.
Thou lovest thy wife as thou lovest life,
And a babe lies on her breast.

Three years have passed, O huntsman bold,
Over the frozen sea.
Children twain thy heart enchain,
And thy wife loves true and free.

Ah, evil, evil is the day
That comes on the fearful gale,
When the north winds blow and the whirling snow
Flies, mixed with an icy hail.

Three days—long, long and bitter days—
And naught for his babes to eat.
The stinging blast is driving fast,
All white with flying sleet.

One long day more, and still no change.
Dost hear thy children moan?
For a little space he covers his face,
And naught can do but groan.

But see! The clouds break fast and far;
The sleet has left the air.
Before them all, exhausted fall
Three frozen sea-birds there.

Seize not thy bow! Beware, beware!
Alas, too late! They lie
All stricken low by one sure blow
Ere they have strength to fly. -

Alas, alas! O huntsman bold,
Too late thy oath recall.
Thou hast broken thy vow! Fate help thee now,
For thy wife has seen them fall.

"False thou art to thine own true word;
False the vow thou didst make.
Atone, atone! The deed is done;
Thou hast slain the Kitti-wake!"

"Now haste and fetch me, children mine,
The feathers from out each crest;
And from either wing a grey one bring,
And the white down from the breast."

They brought her the feathers white and grey,
One from each dead bird's crest;
And a grey they bring from either wing,
And the white down from the breast.

She took the feathers white and grey
From the little boy and maid ;
Her shoulders fair she quick made bare,
And there the white crests laid.

Beware, beware, O huntsman bold,
She is weaving a magic charm !
And she laid a spray of the feathers grey
Upon each little arm.

Return, return, O huntsman bold !
Drear grows the friendly west.
On each little head she laid a shred
And the white down on her breast.

Her arms are raised, and hark ! she sings,
With her face to the wintry skies ;
And the ghoulish croon, like a witch's tune,
Wavers and sinks and dies.

" Kin of the birds ye both were born,
Afar flies the wild bird's kind.
Mount ! Up ! Fly ! Your home is the sky !
Ye are children of the wind ! "

Down to the ground the seal-skins fall.
Thy babes, O huntsman,—where ?
With plaintive cries three sea-birds rise
Into the frozen air.

Three times, in graceful spires of flight,
Their circling course they take ;
And down their track comes trailing back
The scream of the Kittiwake.

They are making for the open south,
Whence comes the blood-red moon.
Thou hast paid thy price ! In the snow and ice
He fell in a deadly swoon.

* * * * *

O huntsman bold, thou art bent and old ;
Thy fingers tremble now.
Thy heart is dead ; thy happiness fled,
As the price of thy broken vow !

And the red suns rise, and the red suns set,
And the winds more chilly blow ;
But ne'er shalt thou press with fond caress
Thy wife of the sea and snow.

G. P. WHEELER.

ENGAGED.

HELEN LANDOR engaged! Had a flying shell crashed down through the roof of Glenwood Cottage and exploded itself on the dining-room table before us, it could not have created more excitement than did this startling announcement. Helen Landor engaged! It was several moments before the real import of these words could penetrate the region of our cerebral convolutions. This was our fourth summer at Glenwood Cottage, Lake Selanno, and until this very moment the *ensemble* of our party had been happily preserved. A strict embargo had been successfully maintained against Cupid and his arrows, and never before had he been permitted our presence, save bound hand and foot, and under the closest scrutiny of a most proper "vigilance committee." But now he had battered down our strongest ramparts, invaded the heart of our territory, and borne away the prize. Helen Landor was engaged.

This startling announcement was based upon information furnished by the comedian of our party, by name Mr. Frank Blaisdell, but who, on account of his wonderful store of knowledge pertaining to society in general, and his adeptness in ferreting out the truth regarding courtships, supposed engagements and other matters of social interest, had won for himself the title of "Pinkerton, the detective." In this case, at least, there was no denying his conclusion. The evidence was by far too convincing. Helen Landor had just returned from a year's travelling abroad, and had gone directly to her summer home at Lake Selanno. The witness, this being Pinkerton, in his additional capacity as social archon of the party, had gone around the lake for the purpose of inviting her to again join us at Glenwood. At the station he had met her, in company with a strange young man whom he had never seen before, just in the act of boarding a train for the city. Nothing had been noted regarding this young man, excepting that he was tall and slender, with a heavy black mustache; also, that he wore a

"Rockaway" straw hat and a very striking suit of gray cloth, the coat of which was cut in the Prince Albert style. Upon leaving the young lady in the car, he had bidden her a more affectionate adieu than is permissible, except in the case of a brother or most favored relative. The young lady had no such brother or relative, so far as known to the witness. Therefore, the young lady must be engaged. Q. E. D. In addition to this, she had declined the invitation extended to her, giving as her only excuse, "company at home."

Den Folsom felt his heart give one great swelling heave as the last wave of this testimony rolled in upon him. He attempted to draw his chair back out of sight behind the side-board, where he could for a moment conceal his agitation behind the vase of pond lilies standing there, but whether it was the contrast between the soft white petals of the lilies beside him and the crimson tint of his face, or his vain endeavor to smile through all his confusion, at any rate, the entire assembly broke out into a hearty laugh.

"Well Den," said his cousin, Bessie Simpson, feeling it her duty to relieve his embarrassment, "what will you do now?"

"Enter a nunnery, I suppose, Bessie," he replied smiling, "or seek a watery grave. I will row out this morning and stake off a quarter section for my death struggles."

He laughed with the others, but each ripple of merriment cost him a wealth of pain.

But one link more was needed in this continuous chain of evidence in order to transform the remaining vestige of doubt into an absolute certainty, and that was to meet his majesty Prince Albert himself, as he was now called. But if Helen Landor should still stick to her evident intention of keeping her engagement secret, it would not be very probable that we should have that pleasure. She must be drawn into ambush. But how was this to be done? Ah, fertile ingenuity! A yachting party was arranged for several evenings thence, and Helen invited. Now, *he* would certainly accompany her. The next day she was seen approaching across the water in a sail-boat. Excitement at

once rose like mercury in a thermometer on a summer afternoon. Who was managing the sheet? Cruel disappointment; it was her father. But she promised to come again for the sailing party, and departed smiling as happily as though *he* were not across the lake there anxiously awaiting her return. Den Folsom had fled to the woods upon her approach, and had not met her, but he watched her as the yacht moved slowly out from the dock, and for a few moments gave himself up to solemn meditations upon the mutability of human relations and the faithlessness of women in general.

The appointed evening was here, but Helen had not yet made her appearance. Just as the sun crept down to the tops of the hills behind the cottage, she was seen approaching in a row-boat, headed directly for Glenwood. She was seated in the bow, and the immense sun-shade which she carried over her almost completely screened the oarsman, whoever he might be. Could it be he? All were on the lookout for the Rockaway hat, the gray suit of clothes, the dark mustache. The idea of a change of apparel never so much as entered the head of anyone. The boat swung around to the dock, disclosing to the spectators above, not the tall and slender form apparelled in royal habiliments as expected, but the Celtic muscular frame of John, the coachman.

Disappointment more crushing than before. Pinkerton was heard to ejaculate a few syllables, whose direct meaning could not be determined by the contextual relation, as he hurried down the steps to assist them in landing. From this moment the sail, its principle object being gone, became a failure. Den Folsom felt that to him it would be an egregious bore under any circumstances, but he had promised to go, provided he be allowed to do the sailing. He had barely spoken to Helen Landor as he assisted the young ladies into the yacht. He feared the embarrassment of being obliged to carry on a strained conversation with her, and he therefore felt much relieved when he noticed that

she took a seat near the bow of the boat. He almost wished that *he* had accompanied her, then he would have been in no doubt as to his position. At any rate he would give himself the credit of the doubt, and allow Pinkerton, who, as comedian of the party, could do so with least offense to this absent individual, to perform the necessary gallantries. He felt mean and restless, and it seemed to give him great pleasure to head the boat up into the wind until the light spray would occasionally dash over the boat and the little flag at the mast-head floated almost parallel to the sail. For the most part his eyes remained fixed upon this as his hands firmly grasped the tiller. But occasionally his glance would steal down the mast and along the row of seats to where *she* was sitting, the center of all gayety and conversation. Ben Folsom was not conceited, but he had once flattered himself that Helen Landor could never enjoy herself on such an occasion unless he was by her side. "Now, I'll spoil that right at once," he thought to himself with a sort of fiendish delight, for which he afterwards reproached himself.

"Air you wid us, or air you agin us?" he called out, with an attempt at merriment. "If you are wid us, then over to the starboard for the tack. Pull in the sheet, Pink."

Then from larboard to starboard, and starboard to larboard, he kept them dancing every few minutes. Each time it was necessary for her to pass around the center-board near him, but she never spoke, and he always happened to be busy with some rope or chain just at that moment. He noticed that she always took the same seat at the farther end of the boat. A new idea. She was trying to avoid him as well. But it was only perfectly natural that she should feel some embarrassment. However, he longed for an opportunity to speak to her alone. Not to bid her one last and fond adieu, or express his kindest wishes and promise ever to be as a brother to her. Oh, no; he was not weaving any idle summer romance. Even so important an alteration in their former relations as her engagement

did not justify the abrupt and uncereemonious manner in which their correspondence had been ended. For this, at least, he considered an explanation due him.

But what was the matter? While he was sitting there, gazing up at the stars above, he suddenly missed her voice in the singing and conversation, and glanced down to learn the cause. She was leaning back over the gunwale, her head upon her hand, apparently lost in meditation of some kind or other. As he looked she turned quickly and resumed conversation. Could she have been looking at him? He half believed it. This simple touch of interest, doubtful though it might be, tapped an overflowing spring of tender memories, and Den Folsom gave himself up for the remainder of the sail to a pleasant stream of sweet recollections. He took no more delight in disturbing her; he even ran a risk of striking a reef well known to him in order to prevent this, and Helen Landor thought she saw just one tinge of his old self in him as he assisted her out of the boat that evening, at the dock before her own cottage.

"Foiled again," said Pinkerton, assuming a tragic air as the boat again started out for home. "Foiled again, 'but the villain still pursues her.'" "But, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "did you observe with what calmness and evident self-possession Miss Bessie informed Helen that we were to have a leap-year party at Umber Heights to-morrow evening? None of us had heard of it before, but of course we knew all about it. Helen has promised us to come. Now will his most sublime majesty Mr. P. Albert Gray-suit be obliged to reveal himself. Bessie, allow me to compliment you upon your ingenuity."

Lunch was already spread out upon the lawn at Umber Heights the next evening when the "Mermaid" was sighted skimming across the lake. The ruddy glow of the setting sun, which appeared to rest like a ball of fire on the hill-tops of the opposite shore, cast a lurid glare over the water. But Pinkerton was prepared this time. He produced from one of the baskets an immense pair of field

glasses, and leveled them at the approaching sail-boat. " 'Tis he! 'tis he!" he cried at once. "The very same! The very same! Hat, suit, coat and all! Now, keep perfectly cool, ladies and gentlemen. We will permit them to land unassisted, and have the introduction all at once. I think I see Helen blushing already."

There was no mistake this time. Den Folsom was almost glad it was over, although he did feel something big swelling in his heart. But he would not show the least interest one way or the other. What was it to him anyway?

Very skillfully this unknown skipper rounded up to the dock, and then ran forward to "keep her off." With what tenderness and watchful care he assisted Helen to land and up the bank. Den Folsom could scarcely stand it. For a moment only he gazed upon her bright blooming face, whose happy smiles he guessed, and then drew back out of sight.

"Well, why do you all look so funny?" said Helen, stopping a few steps below. "You appear just as I always imagined the natives of San Salvador did at the landing of Columbus."

Then, as though suddenly remembering something, turned about to the gentleman just a step below her. We scarcely breathed.

"Allow me to introduce to you, ladies and gentlemen," she said, taking his hand in hers, "Mr. Wells, my cousin, from Washington."

"Your cousin?" almost shouted Pinkerton, who was always first to speak on such occasions. "You don't mean to say you are not engaged, do you, Helen?"

"Engaged!" she cried, in astonishment. "Why, of course not. Who could have told you so? I am not half so unfortunate as that."

"Not engaged! Well, well! Old Pink has been working on a wrong clue again. Den here will explain, no doubt. No more will vice and evil be tracked to their dens by this sleuth of the law. Pinkerton detects no more."

"I am glad to hear it, Pinky," said Den Folsom, coming

forward, his countenance very much like the sun that had just disappeared over across the water. "Have you any predilections as to the method of your annihilation?"

"Love please, or old age. Anything distant."

"And as to the post-mortem disposition of your remains?"

"Cremation, please, with plenty of cream."

"Milk would do just as well, Pink. You could never detect the difference."

"Words, words, mere words," quoted Pinkerton, in reply.

"But methinks," he continued, cocking his head on one side, in an attitude of listening, and casting wistful glances at the lunch spread out upon the lawn, not far away, "I hear a little bird in the tree-top, chirping in love notes that lunch is waiting. Miss Bessie, would you do Mr. Wells the honor? Den! I fly, little bird, I fly."

The "Mermaid" had a new skipper as she sailed homeward that evening. Mr. Wells had suddenly become very skeptical of his ability to pilot her back, and unblushingly announced his decided preference to join the party in the other boat. Den Folsom was forced to submit.

"And were you goose enough to believe me engaged also, Den?" said Helen Landor, as they sailed home together.

"Verily, goose enough, Helen," he replied.

"Then, since you so nobly acknowledge it, I also must offer an apology. Your reply to my letter from Paris, which I had long since despaired of ever receiving, has just reached me this morning, after summering for a while in the Alps and Germany. How foolish I was to suppose anything else than that it had been lost. But then your failure to explain confirmed my suspicions. I am afraid that I acted rather rudely, the other evening, but you will forgive me."

Forgive her! The Mermaid was gliding along peacefully before the wind, plowing up into tiny wavelets the moon's silvery sheen upon the water. Suddenly she swung around, and headed up to the wind. Why? Perhaps some good sailor may be able to tell you; but from the distant boat we could not see, and even to us it remains a mystery.

HUMOR AND ITS DISCIPLES.

IN PARTICULAR—humor. It profiteth naught to speak much of humorists. We would never arrive at any expressible conclusion, in the first place; and in the next, such a procedure would degenerate into a mere exposition of our own personal likes and dislikes—prejudices unexplainable *pro* and *con*. If we were writing of philosophers we might say that one was an Idealist, another a Phenomenalist, and the fitness of the distinction would at once appear. Were we discussing historians, we might, not unreasonably, dilate on the contrast presented by philosophic Hume and pictorial Herodotus. But the Humorists are all *one*. They are shades of one color—strings of one instrument. They cannot be ranked into great distinctive classes barriered from each other by foundation principles which do not agree and cannot be made to agree. As well strive to classify sunbeams! Yet one may find satisfaction, after all, in considering the genus sunbeam *per se*, and we can find abundant room for profitable reflection and interesting speculation in the light which the genus “humorist” sheds upon this human world, where all the light we can get, to be sure, is most heartily welcome.

If the destructive analyst has ever attempted to resolve the quality of humor into its philosophic elements, his lamentable failure must, at length, have landed him in the conclusion that it was indivisible. And so it is! It is the final atom of intellectuality. It is one of those provokingly eluding essences whose secrets even the intellectual microscope and scalpel fail to reveal. It merely loses its identity—undergoes a metamorphosis culminating in a rather gloomy product. But that is no matter for regret. For the purpose of aiding in the development of a mighty system of scientific philosophy, botany is a grand study. But our appreciation of the delicate beauty and fragrance of the flowers of the field is not enhanced in the least by our

capability to give their Latin names or to distinguish calyx from corolla. Neither do we laugh according to laws. We do not need psychological generalization to help us enjoy "Pickwick Papers" or "Don Quixote." We know, without learning and without analysis, that they delight us. We know, somehow or other, that we are the better for having read them. We know that it is well for men to laugh! If they must, at times, be solemn, they must gain potential energy by being merry; else their solemnity will, in the end, be degraded into despair. If they must weep—and weep they must—they must have a season of smiles. If they must practice self-restraint, they must sometimes relieve the hard-drawn spirit by happy abandonment. It is only the great law of the Conservation of Humanity, as true as its sister law in the domain of physical science. Asceticism is a mistaken philosophy. Its apostles must be admired for devoting their lives to a very lofty ideal, but they must be pitied for sacrificing them to a very vain one. Hard-headed, strong-spirited Carlyle may frown upon the world and tell it, warningly, that it may be wasting itself in the mad race after happiness; since, for aught it can know, *it may be destined never to attain it*. But the great voice of humanity answers back undaunted: "Your words, though deep, are yet shallow. We act according to the law that is in us; we must seek happiness or we will not live." False must be the premises, or faulty the logic that lands men in the conviction that humor is godless levity, and that laughter is the arch-enemy of true piety. Humor is happiness; and no man is truly pleased with himself or the world who is not ready to laugh at both. There is some chord in us that always vibrates in sympathy with that ancient phrase "the everlasting laughter of the gods." Heathen, it is true, but that does not lessen its significance or the truth that is in it. There is a certain fitness about it to which we cannot help responding. It is not less instructive of men's spontaneous sentiments than amusing, that the stern old

Roman should have *felt* that his gods, with their immortal life, their exemption from care, their consciousness of omnipotence and their irresponsibility, would rightly spend their existence in laughter—out of pure, ideal beatitude.

So far is the love of the humorous from being out of place among man's better qualities, that it is entitled to be deemed as excellent a part of his humanity as his love, his ambition or his reflection. So far is humor itself from tending to degrade him that it may be regarded as not the least of the forces which uplift and broaden him. Let us not fall into the error of supposing that it serves no other or better purpose than to make men laugh. To awaken pity, to direct philanthropy, to arouse scorn for imposture and pretence, to kindle hatred for untruth, to stir up tenderness for the poor and weak, to attack pernicious customs and petty vices—all these good works does true humor include within its mission. When we have read of the unselfish goodness of the "Cheeryble Brothers," have we not, in the very act of laughing at their oddities, felt more kindly disposed toward all mankind? Have we merely laughed at Bumble the Beadle and never felt a contempt stronger than common for official cruelty, asinine pomposity, mean cowardice and base toadying? Has not our appreciation of the ridiculousness of the Reverend Chadband been supplemented by an increased hatred for the contemptible hypocrisy that lurks, sometimes, under clerical robes? Who can read Dickens' marvelous description of Mrs. Skewtons, with her "Cleopatra attitude," her painted cheeks, her whole humorously yet horribly false self, without feeling an irrepressible disgust at that old age which refuses to recognize the dignity of its state, but clings with unconquerable vanity to those silly affectations which are such a pitiful insult to the reverence of gray hairs? We laugh! Oh! yes: we laugh—but we go away thoughtful.

Humor is one of the best of reformers. But like all good reformers it has its own field; and that, as we have already

intimated, is among the smaller vices of mankind. There are some things too horrible to parody. Human nature, for all its divinity, may stain itself with faults before which the very angels shrink, and light is turned to darkness, and there remains no room in men's breasts for aught save a mighty wrath. But where there is one such fault, there are a dozen little dwarfish defects, which may seem absurd as well as wrong. For such as these, humor is a far better cure than the best of sermons. We are persuaded that the ordinary man would rather be made out a villain than an ass; though the choice, it must be admitted, is more natural than commendable. So solicitous are men, whether they know it or not, for the world's good opinion, that nothing afflicts them so sorely as the impression that the world is making a joke of them. One may talk orthodox theology to a man for a life-time and never get him even started on the way that he should go. But humor paints the most painfully life-like pictures, in which the unhappy offender is presented in the very light in which it is the most ardent desire of his life to avoid appearing. We doubt if the Roman satirists ever sent their corrupt and vicious brethren very far upon the paths of virtue. But we are perfectly sure that Cervantes struck the death blow at the foibles of a farcical chivalry when he set Europe laughing at Don Quixote. Bold was the man who would assume the knightly lance with visions of the "lean and hungry" Don, with his soul full of erratic chivalric ardor, jumbled up with all sorts of chimerical notions; of poor, fat, grumbling, unteachable Sancho Panza; of the attack on the wind-mill, and a thousand other ridiculous experiences. Arguments based upon the sin of excessive personal vanity and of living a life devoid of all serious purpose have far less influence in putting an end to shallow-pated foppery than the annals of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse, or even the jokes of the conventional penny paper. The fact is, men are given more to seeing than to foreseeing; and to show them that they are making

asses of themselves now, is, unfortunately, likely to weigh much more with them than assertions that they are jeopardizing their interests hereafter.

But humor is by no means an heroic remedy. "On the contrary, quite the reverse," as Sam Weller would say. Says Thackeray, who knew whereof he spoke, if ever a man did, "A literary man of a humoristic turn is likely to be philanthropic by nature, just as another is irascible, or red-haired, or six feet high." The annals of literature are replete with confirmation of this odd proposition. There never was a kindlier or gentler or more sympathetic man than Thackeray himself, notwithstanding the irony of "Vanity Fair," or the profound sarcasm of "The Newcomes." Dickens was as lovable as he was great. Dick Steele, drunk or sober, was as tender-hearted as any girl, and unspeakably chivalrous to all womankind. Charles Lamb, the Gentle Elia, had a heart as big as the world, of which he saw so little. To put the whole matter in a word, one may sneer at a man and hate him, but no man can truly and heartily laugh at another without being, in some mysterious way, in sympathy with him. However much reflection may lead us to despise Mr. Bumble, we cannot help thinking, when we are under the spell of Dickens' genius, that he is really a very humorous old character, whose sins would incline us to say, condescendingly, "foolish creature," rather than wrathfully, "contemptible villain." He is no true humorist who assumes the coldly critical attitude; for humor is one of the best of sympathizers. Thackeray spoke very wisely and very deeply again, when he said that the best humor is that which contains the most humanity.

These reflections lead us to speak of humor as contrasted with that other quality with which it is so often and so wrongly compared, namely—wit. Possibly we shall best express the relation between them if we say that wit is the forked lightning flash of the mind, that dazzles for a moment with its brilliancy, but leaves behind it a charred

and blackened ruin; while humor is the broad sheet-lightning that is dimmer, yet never strikes, and is rather as though the heavens smiled upon the earth—brightening, but harming not. Or more justly, perhaps, we may liken wit to a marble statue, whose fairness delights and whose symmetry charms, but whose cold impersonality and rigid inhumanity chill and repel; while humor is a warm flesh-and-blood personality—a human thing, capable of sympathy and response. Humor demands always good fellowship; wit shrinks from it. Wit steals away all cheerfulness and good will, leaving the thief “far poorer than before”; but humor enriches both him that dispenses it and him that receives. We shall not see the wide distinction between them more adequately shown than in the vivid contrast between the characters of the apostles of each. With what pleased satisfaction and relief do we turn to the kindly faces of Dickens and Lamb and Steele, from spiteful, envenomed Pope, and sneering, misanthropic Swift! The Dean was a far mightier genius than Elia; but who does not love and thank the author of the “Dissertation upon Roast Pig,” more than the cold-blooded creator of the story of the “homon-yms.” Verily, wit is the child of man’s intellect, but humor is the offspring of his whole humanity.

In speaking of the relation of humor to the character of the humorist we are forcibly reminded of that curious fact that not a few of those most gifted with the power to make others laugh had little in their lives to make themselves laugh. Not unfrequently do we see the humorist sending forth, out of his unhappiness, his ceaseless vexations, his disappointed hopes, words as cheerful and as hopeful as ever brought light into a saddened, darkened mind. There is something very admirable in the way these men met every discouragement with a laugh. Doubtless their sorrows took on a hundred-fold less forbidding aspect for that very reason. How it must have put grim vexation out of countenance, and utterly routed whole armies of distresses

to have advanced upon them with smiling good-will! Happy for the humorists that they possessed this defence of a laughter-loving disposition. It would have been far better for unfortunate Swift if he had laughed a little more and sneered less, if he had tried to put men in love with the world instead of teaching them to hate it. Perhaps in that case he would not have closed an unenviable life in madness. We do not believe that Diogenes was a happy man. We think he must have found as much true pleasure in his complacent monopoly of imagined virtue as a selfish man finds in his hoarded gold. He did not derive half as much satisfaction from his ostentatious search after virtue as he would have found in trying to be reasonably indulgent to men's faults. But this is a digression. We were about to come to the conclusion that humor is the best of philosophies for our small troubles. It cannot be denied, of course, that there are some things before which humanity must bow itself in sorrow, in the presence of which levity is a sacrilege. Yet, few are the troubles which a man cannot overthrow in the arena of life if he goes forth to the conflict girded about with the armor of a humorous propensity. We are convinced that he is no fool, but a very rational man who can laugh at his own misfortunes.

Accustomed as we are to speak of "funny things," it is none the less true that humor is a disposition of men rather than a quality of events. It is like the sunshine in the sun, and not the things on which it shines. In the last analysis, facts are *all serious*, or, to say the least, they are a sort of unknown quantity to which we may assign any value we choose. Humor is simply a solution, whose answer is that they are laughable. Asceticism might just as truly declare that they are gloomy. The universality of humor lends its support to this vein. It can find material in even the most solemn things, and the loftier the elevation of its object the greater the fall thereof. Mark Twain's soliloquy at the tomb of Adam is as ridiculous as anything the Inno-

cents ever did in their whole programme of absurdities, except, perhaps, the quizzing of the guide at the bust of the great "Colombo." There is nothing humorous about these things. They should fill our souls with reverend awe and admiration. But they do not. At the approach of the humorist all their dignity and grandeur flee away as clouds before a summer sun, and we find ourselves laughing at the same time that we are ashamed to laugh.

E. B. BAXTER.

VESPER.

HOW dear to me the sunset hour!
'Tis then the Master Painter plies
His unseen brushes on the skies;
Reveals His wealth of power.

Of other days come memories
When Life was brilliant as the west.
By them my soul is lulled to rest
As though by well-loved melodies.

H. W. HATHAWAY.

THE SIGN OF THE RED HAND.

IN WHAT I am about to relate, the public may recognize a circumstance which happened a few years ago in a Western State. The newspapers circulated it to some extent, but I doubt if the facts, as they really transpired, are known beyond the boundaries of the State where the intense—I may say terrible—interest in the parties concerned made it something long talked of and remembered.

Harden Robb had been an old college mate of mine, and in after-life our acquaintance had ripened into a warm friend-

ship that grew stronger as the years went by. I lived in the East, his home was in the West, so that it was seldom we visited one another, but for twenty years our correspondence was constant.

Suddenly it ceased. It was some months later when I learned that poor Robb—that genial, friendly man—had been basely murdered.

I was greatly shocked. The news, coming so suddenly, quite unnerved me. I left my business and went to the city where my poor friend had lived. There I learned the particulars of the tragedy. There was little to be told. A tiny park lay in the center of the city, and there, a little aside from the path, was found, one chill morning, a body with a cruel, wide stab between the shoulders. That was all.

I found that the State was aroused. Harden Robb had been largely talked of as State representative in the coming campaign, and, for this reason alone, his name was widely known. I found that all possible efforts were being put forth to track the murderer, and returned to my own city.

But the gap made by his death could not be easily filled. I had passed the age when friendships are readily formed, and I missed him and mourned for him unreservedly.

There are, deep in the hearts of most of us, scars which, for a long time, are tender to the touch, but at last even this sensitiveness wears away till we search in vain for the spot. Thus it might have been with me. Six years went by, and time was beginning to dull the pain of my remembrance. But then something happened which drove my thoughts back upon themselves and my loss. In a casual glance at a newspaper, I read that in that western city a man was on trial for his life—for the murder of Harden Robb.

A strange and curious desire took possession of me to go and witness this trial—to know that at last my friend's death was to be avenged. I hesitated awhile—lingered—but at last yielded. An hour later saw me flying to the West. I had not an hour to spare; by traveling night and day I

could barely reach the city in time. I slept poorly that night. There was a break-down on the way and, as a consequence, I missed connections. This delayed me four hours. Next morning, as I neared the city, I bought papers. I glanced hastily over their columns—nothing. I bought others and scanned them hurriedly—ah! “The State *vs.* Henry Manning—for the murder of Harden Robb—yesterday’s trial.” Yesterday! Then I had missed it; I was too late. I read further—no; evidence had been received, but the case had been held over until to-day. I glanced at my watch. It was ten o’clock, and I was still a hundred miles away. As soon as I reached the city I took a hasty lunch and hurried to the court-rooms. The court had adjourned at noon, and the hall was now rapidly filling again. Such was the interest of the case that hundreds had kept their places, and I found it impossible to gain a seat. Luckily, a detective, whom I had met six years before at the same place, remembered me as a friend of the murdered man and secured me a place.

Proceedings were about to begin when I seated myself. There was a buzz of conversation. The judge had not yet entered, and I had a good opportunity of viewing the prisoner. He sat in the narrow dock. His arms were stretched out before him on his knees, and his head was bowed, showing his crisp iron-gray hair. His whole posture was that of a man in a sort of stupor. Suddenly he raised his head and looked straight before him. His eyes had in them that heavy, vacant look I have observed in one suddenly awakened. It was plain he did not appreciate his surroundings. He had been thus, they told me—seemingly bewildered—ever since the chain of evidence had brought the guilt home to him.

I looked at him keenly, but I did not feel the loathing, the detestation, I had thought to feel for the murderer of my friend. Perhaps it was his posture that disarmed me. I could have almost pitied him.

There was the opening and closing of a door. The judge had entered, and the room grew still. I feel that I cannot fully describe the remarkable face I saw before me. Though it was one which few could see without remembering, yet there hung about it something which baffles all attempts at description. It may have been the eyes partly; for they were neither full nor large, nor was their expression pleasing to me. Or it may have been the square and massive jaw that assorted but illy with the high white forehead and the full temple, made all the more striking by the contrast between his lustrous hair and the extreme pallor of his skin. His lips were thin, and his whole profile showed tremendous power and will.

Judge Storey was a man of wonderful ambition. He had represented his State in Congress in the campaign following my unhappy friend's death; his name had been mentioned for the Senatorship soon expiring, and he had only accepted his present position, as many believed, until this should be tendered to him. He was just and honorable, but had, men said, strange fits of abstraction, which made him a poor companion. He seated himself and ran his fingers swiftly through his papers. I sat near him, and I imagined that his fingers shook. Proceedings began.

I have not time to go through the long chain of evidence, which, link upon link, brought its damning weight against the prisoner, but with such a chain I felt that the man was doomed. At length the evidence was all in. The last witness had been examined, and the State attorney began his final speech. He too, had known and respected Harden Robb, and, I could see, felt deeply. Several times his voice trembled as he described the few melancholy circumstances of the murder. His speech was brief—merely a demand for justice. He showed no feeling against the prisoner; he spoke only of the crime and its terrible significance. His voice was subdued, but his words carried the more weight for their very silent intensity. As he proceeded the prisoner seemed gradually to waken. For the first time the dull;

bewildered look passed away, and he seemed to be listening intently, eagerly, while his breath came in long, deep gasps, like one who rests from swimming.

The prosecutor sat down and the lawyer for the defendant rose. I thought I saw through his lawyer's mask that he was hopeless. He drew attention to the fact that the only evidence against the accused was circumstantial, and thereafter bent all his energies toward trying to create a sympathy for the prisoner. Finally, with a reference to his former spotless reputation, and a plea for his broken-hearted wife and ruined home, he sat down.

But before he had closed, every one knew what the end must be. He had failed utterly to overthrow the evidence. Harden Robb had not been forgotten; the prisoner was lost to hope. It was in the air. One saw it in his neighbor's glance—in his stealthy, searching look at the faces in the jury-box. He even felt it in that heavy, ominous hush that so often foretells to a criminal his doom.

When he finished, there was a moment's pause. The judge sat with head bent over the table; he seemed to be writing. Then he rose to begin his summing up and charge to the jury. His glance wandered over the court-room, and rested for a single instant on the wide eyes of the condemned man. That instant, the prisoner struggled to his feet. The eyes of the entire court were turned toward him. It seemed as though he were trying to address the judge, but no sound came from his lips. Another instant, and he had sunk down again upon his seat with a sort of gesture of despair. This is what it seemed to the spectators, but I recognized it. It was the Masonic signal of distress.

The judge's summing up was something which I shall never forget. Never have I heard a discourse so searching, of such cunning analysis, such subtle power. All the strength of eloquence and versatile genius were brought to bear upon those twelve minds, in the balance of whose decision hung a life. All that oratory and art can do, he did.

As he went on, he became more earnest. His face was pale and his eyes dark and bright. He had wonderful personal magnetism, and he used it for the prisoner. As a lawyer, I saw that the evidence against him was largely passed over or distorted; it could not be denied. He spoke on the fallibility of circumstantial evidence, and the horror of condemning an innocent man to that most ignominious of all deaths—the scaffold.

I have heard scores speak of the wondrous power of that speech. His words, thrilling and intense, seemed to come from his very soul. As he proceeded, one could feel the silent change that passed through the throng. The dead Harden Robb was forgotten in the wondering pity for the innocent man falsely accused.

How fickle a thing man is! The crowd that but a moment before were reconciled to his death, now warmed and trembled and shuddered at the thought that he might be, after all, innocent. All that was wanting was to assume the *doubt*, and the ghastly crime was forgotten.

Only in the faces of the lawyers and the jury I perceived no sign of change. The prosecutor looked at first incredulous, then amazed, and then whispered with his brother lawyers. I glanced toward the jury, but their faces gave no sign—the faces of a jury seldom do. As the judge closed his charge I watched them intently, but no look of intelligence passed between them.

I believe that in all that crowded court-room, but two persons recognized that grotesque gesture—the judge and myself. I afterwards discovered that, by a strange fatality, not one of the jurymen was a Mason.

They retired, and the buzz of the crowd broke forth again. But I did not withdraw my eyes from the white face above the judge's desk. He sat motionless, with rigid face turned toward the door which had closed upon the jurymen. The longer I looked at him, the more plainly could I see that he was strangely agitated. I remembered

his charge and the prisoner's sign of Masonry. Was Judge Storey of the order? In answer to that mystic sign, was he now using all his power to rescue his comrade even from justice?

I asked myself in vain.

The face of the prisoner was hidden in his hands, but I saw his shoulders rise and fall with his great gasping breaths as he waited. He understood now.

The jury were absent less than fifteen minutes. As the door opened for their return, the judge involuntarily grasped the table and rose to his feet. He gazed on the foreman fixedly; his lips moved, but he made no sound.

Without waiting for the customary questions, the foreman spoke in a low voice.

They found the prisoner guilty.

As he finished speaking, a silence like that of death reigned in the court-room. The only thing that broke the stillness was the labored breathing of the prisoner, who had not raised his head. Almost all eyes were turned in his direction, but mine were fastened upon the judge. His face was white as death, and great drops of sweat stood out on his forehead. His fingers, grasping the desk, were trembling nervously.

Just then the prisoner struggled painfully to his feet again and stood confronting him. He made no sound, he spoke no word, but gazed with strained, fixed stare upon his face. As he gazed, I saw the look change first to one of mingled uncertainty and horror, and then to one of strange intelligence. My eyes traveled from his face to the judge's, and the fear and horror which the one had lost seemed to have frozen upon the other. It seemed as though at this supreme moment some quick and unerring perception had come to the prisoner. Only an instant they stood thus, then the man within the dock lifted his arm and turned it with a gesture inexpressibly solemn. Again I

recognized the mysterious sign, but this time I shuddered, for it was the sign of *The Red Hand*!

As he saw the gesture, the judge started visibly. An overwhelming, overmastering terror settled all at once upon his face. He faltered something, fell back in his chair, and his head dropped heavily on the desk before him. A dozen lawyers sprang to assist him, but among them all he suddenly rose and thrust them back. He looked like the dead. His face was white as parchment, and his eyes seemed suddenly to have fallen in, so small and sunken had they grown in that brief instant. He drew on his black cap, and in a slow, solemn voice—a voice that seemed to come to my ears from some incalculable distance—said, —“Therefore, I sentence you, Arthur Storey, — to be hanged by the neck until you are dead. And may God — have mercy on your soul!”

He paused; the crowded court-room as still as the grave. *He had put his own name in place of the prisoner's!*

“Great heavens! he is mad!” said someone in my ear.

He stretched out his arm. “Gentlemen,” he said, “I killed Harden Robb!”

* * * * *

The scene that followed cannot be described. I was bewildered. The prisoner was found to have fainted.

As I made my way out of the court-room, weak and sick with the intensity of my feelings, I turned and saw Judge Storey sitting bolt upright in his chair with ears that heard no sound, and glazed eyes that saw naught but blackness in the depths of an eternal and intolerable despair.

* * * * *

There is no need to speak of the curious chain of evidence that had wound itself about Henry Manning, and from whose toils he had so narrowly escaped. Men have been executed on circumstantial evidence before, and their victims have appeared alive and well afterward.

The peculiar facts which led to Storey's crime—the feud which grew out of their political aims, to end in Harden Robb's death—were detailed in the confession which followed.

I have often wondered if some sudden intuition did not come to Henry Manning, as in that terrible extremity he looked into that man's eyes—an intuition that prompted him to use that mystic emblem of vengeance. I do not know. I never saw him again. All I know is that he is alive and happy.

Judge Storey was found dead in his cell before his trial. A slender steel buckle had escaped the notice of those who guarded him, and this had served to open a vein in his wrist.

G. P. WHEELER.

VOICES.

COMMENTARIES TO THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

IN THE study of literature let us proceed from the first unit, the single volume, to the larger unit, the group of the author's works to which it belongs, then to the mind from which they came; ever holding this in view, that the highest ideal for which we study a literature is to gain therefrom the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the master minds that produced it. In following this simple plan, there are three fertile sources from which we may gain hints of exegetical value toward the proper understanding and full enjoyment of an author's works. To name them in the order of their importance, is to name them in the order in which they should be found.

The first commentary, then, upon any work, can be no other than the separate volumes themselves of the author studied. "Text interprets text," so, more, does volume expound volume. We may admire many lines in "Hamlet," yet we cannot realize the full beauty of the great dramatist until we read "The Tempest" and "The Winter's Tale." As in nature, so often in literature; the detached orange bears no beauty that compares with the tree laden with fruit in every stage of development, from blossom to ripened sphere, so but rarely does the beauty of a single volume compare with that of the complete works.

Another commentary is found in the life of the author himself. In order that we may truly enjoy his works, we must understand much of his biography, so that we may both ascertain his personal equation, and trace, also, the effect of the different phases of his life upon the development of his genius. There are those who may not care for the "gossip of biography," yet, for those who do care for the story of the life of an author, every event is important.

Goethe said that all his writings were great confessions; so it is with every great writer; he leaves his life within his works. "It should be the student's work to collate the author's life and his works, that he may interpret each in and through the other; to refund now the life into the writings, and, again, the writings into the life; or, if this should be impossible, to study them alternately, using one as the text and the other as the commentary." If the life be pure and good, so much the better; but even if it be impure, we must remember that the student of beauty can be a lover of truth as well. In the end he will have gained more, not only of truth, but of beauty and delight, for he will have obtained the habit of seeing things as they are, thus acquiring a temper of justice and of charity. A man of infirmities, yet a heroic man, is better than the fragment of the man.

The historical environment thrown about a writer constitutes the third commentary on his works. In our study of an individual author, we first investigate the peculiar nature of the writer's genius, and then we seek to trace its development. So in the historical study of literature, we seek first to know the leading characteristics of the age, and, secondly, to follow the movement of the age, observing how it arose out of the past, how it culminated, how, in its decline, it made way for a new epoch. In order to know the literature of any period aright, we must know its outward body and its inward life. We must study it in its action, its passion and its thought. Finally, we must endeavor to see actions, passions and ideas in mutual intercourse as a living organism; we should study the physiology as well as the anatomy of an age. There are epochs, as in the French Revolution, when ideas have inflamed passions, and passions have transformed themselves into ideas, and both run forward together to gain a realization in some mighty deed. Such epochs seldom pass without changing the strata, and a new stratum comes, from which, in due time, intellectual fruit and flowers, of a kind hitherto unknown, will appear.

G. H. S.

INTERCOLLEGIATE CONTESTS.

THE spirit of the age and of America has changed the life of the college in this country, and superseded many of the old practices and revered traditions. Mediævalism held its own nowhere more successfully than in the college precincts. But a great change has now been wrought. It is observable chiefly in the system of elective studies; in the wider range of study, embracing all branches of science as not inferior in dignity or value to the classical course, and in the higher standard of scholarship. The consequence of these changes is that young men, rather than schoolboys, enter college, and the college itself is becoming a university. As the college has thus ceased to be a school or academy, the interests and ambitions of the undergraduate have extended, and the intercollegiate contact of emulation naturally began in the form of manly sport. Modern thought rightly requires that the student shall not be a mere bookworm or pedant, but that he shall have a body worthy the mind. Athletic sports have therefore disputed attention with intellectual studies, and, lately, it has almost seemed as if the hand might carry it against the head. It is natural that an intercollegiate contest of brawn should suggest one of brains. The glories of the one have shown so far and kindled so much enthusiasm and emulation, that when once there was a precedent of this kind of friendly combat, the other naturally suggested itself. The contest of essay writing and oratory, which was in existence a number of years ago, was a most healthful reaction and assertion of the dignity of intellectual pursuits. It showed the public that there was something accomplished in our colleges besides the putting of athletic teams into the arena, and that the college man's life was not all play. And now that such contests no longer exist, some think of the college as little else than an athletic organization on an immense scale, with the one object in view of securing as many prizes as possible.

But there are other reasons why these contests of composition and oratory should be renewed. The meeting of collegians in such tests could not but have a beneficial effect in advancing the standard of scholarship and in securing for the intellectual man a proper recognition of his true status. It is certainly an abnormal state of affairs when the athlete distances, in the imagination, the "senior wrangler" of the college. Such contests would also be of great value in keeping athletics within proper bounds. Perhaps the greatest danger which now threatens manly sports is the fact that in some colleges so much time has been devoted to this department that the faculties have had to interfere in a greater or less degree. If the rival colleges had opportunities of trying their metal in other spheres, there would be much less difficulty in checking the excessive enthusiasm in outdoor sports.

It would therefore seem that scholastic contests are at least worthy of a new trial. To win the foot-ball championship in the contest of many colleges is good; but to win a race in the same contest in a philosophical or literary exposition, in scientific research, or in force, grace and clearness of oratorical appeal, is not less good, and gives a dignity to the whole, which must otherwise be lacking. Whatever were the reasons for abandoning them in the past, there can be no doubt of their beneficial influence while they existed, and that the work presented reflected great credit upon the contestants and obtained proper recognition of the excellent quality of the instruction received in our higher institutions of learning.

M.

THE USE OF PRINTED NOTES.

THE delight with which the announcement is received that this or that course is supplied with printed notes, the large demand and ready sale for them, the willingness of the student to pay an exorbitant price for rare specimens,—a willingness not often shown in the purchase of text-books,—and the almost universal use of them by “poller,” “semi-poller,” and “loafer,” is sufficient to attest their popularity among the undergraduates. But among our instructors there seems to be a diversity of opinion in regard to their use. Some have given their sanction and encouragement, either by making for use in the class-room a syllabus of their course, or by readily submitting their manuscript so that from it a syllabus can be made; others condemn their use, and, although not forbidding them in the class-room, refer to them as “fossils,” “stolen property,” and “archaeological specimens.”

It is doubtful if any check could be put upon their use, even though a crusade were begun against them by these instructors, assisted by the few dyspeptic individuals who believe that any legitimate aid or relaxation from hard work is an evil, even though no adequate return be gotten for the labor expended. For the student regards printed notes as too great a luxury to be easily surrendered, unless it can be shown that their disadvantages outweigh their advantages, and so prove more of a curse than a blessing—an extremely difficult task. But still it must be admitted that there are seeming evils and disadvantages attendant in their use which should be considered, and for which a remedy should be found and applied, so that from their use the greatest possible good can be gained.

The first of these is that this system deprives us of the mental drill which one acquires in endeavoring to grasp the speaker's thoughts and re-express them with clearness and

brevity. Also, that the taking of notes gives greater facility in mere mechanical writing, an improvement especially desirable for those who intend to become professional men. It cannot be denied that these are both excellent attainments. But does the use of printed notes prevent one from gaining such discipline? Cannot the student use his syllabus as an outline, and in filling it out and expanding upon it obtain both mental drill and facility in writing, and at the same time secure for future reference a fuller and more legible set of notes?

Again, it is claimed that printed notes make the student inattentive in the class-room, and that when not supplied with them he is kept busy, and when busy can never get in mischief or idle away his time; but feeling assured that it is all in the notes, he has a strong inclination to dream or doze the hour away. It must be confessed that to all outward appearances there are more inattention, listlessness and lazy attitudes in the class-room when the course is supplied with printed notes than when there are none. Though, in reality, there is no more. There are in every class a few men who do not thirst for any more knowledge than is sufficient to save them from a condition, and to whom note-taking is too great a bore even to be attempted; but who, when not supplied with printed notes, will make a feint at diligence in order not to attract the eye of the instructor, and now and then, for effect, jot down something in a note-book or on the back of an old letter, while their minds are not grasping the thought in any sentence which is uttered. About the time for examination they will be around requesting the loan of a set.

But now let us glance at the great advantage which printed notes offer, viz., a better opportunity for a more thorough and accurate knowledge of the subject. In taking notes on a subject in which you are not familiar with the use of the terms, and where the professor does not even attempt to conceal the fact that he is lecturing against time,

you must either be contented to get down a few disconnected words in each sentence, or wait until the sentence is finished, and then note its substance at the expense of losing the following sentence entire. And thus, while printed notes are never voluminous, they always contain the important points of the lecture, so that in the examination you are never called upon to expound a question of which you are totally ignorant. And if the student takes the precaution to read his printed notes carefully before going to the class-room, so that he will not take down what he already has, he will find that there is better mental drill in using discretion in the selection of his material than if he depended merely on his own exertions. And though he may not acquire such a dashing and slashing style of penmanship, he will secure what is infinitely better—a handwriting that is perfectly legible.

RESULTS.

IN EVERY college at the present day efforts are put forth to increase the number of the students, and so to increase the influence of the college. But is the influence increased merely by an increase in members? Ought there not to be a corresponding increase in the influence of the controlling power? In other words, ought not each professor to put forth new efforts to increase his personal influence over each and every student as the number grows larger? Thus it is that the student is benefited and led to love the *Alma Mater* that drew him on toward higher and truer knowledge.

It has been said that it is the small colleges that are often the largest in their results. A comparison of college catalogues will reveal the fact that a greater proportion of graduates of small colleges achieve distinction in after life.

The reason is obvious. It is the quiet, earnest, personal contact of the professor with his pupils that produce these large results. He can apply himself faithfully to the nature and disposition of each one because the number is limited. He knows not only the name of each, but even his personal traits, his ability, his particular habits and methods of reasoning, and can lead each mind on in its particular path. His influence is thus moral as well as intellectual, and he becomes united to his students by ties stronger than those of a mere instructor.

Again, the boy who enters college strong in mind and body, and who has made up his mind to work, or at least learn to work, is bound to succeed anywhere. But that is not the description of everyone who enters one of the larger colleges. Many go because that college won the foot-ball championship, or the base-ball pennant, or because such a "jolly set" go there. These generally drop out before the end of the course. They went to college to have a good time, and they can hope to obtain nothing more valuable. The small colleges, on the contrary, attract young men with limited means, but with earnest purpose and great ambition. These are the ones who generally succeed in college, because they have had a strong, steadily beneficial influence cast about them from the time of their matriculation. Not by any means is this invariable, but what is meant is that there is a tendency toward such an end. Just as soon as the instructor loses his influence over the student, so soon will development begin to be arrested, and it is the harder to preserve this influence as the number grows larger. But the benefit in every case remains a constant quantity. Let us, then, as our number grows larger, do everything in our power not to lessen, but to increase this peculiar influence, and thereby get nearer the full realization of the possibilities of the college life.

F. L.

EDITORIALS.

WE WOULD request those of our subscribers who have not already paid their subscriptions, to do so as promptly as possible. The expense of publication will be considerably larger this year than ever before, and we need what is due us for subscriptions to meet our printers' bill.

SEVERAL anonymous contributions have been received recently, at least one of which we would be glad to publish, did we know the author's name. It is our rule to accept no contributions which are not accompanied by the writer's name, though this will be withheld in publication, if so desired.

WE PUBLISH in this number a Voice in which are urged the advantages of a closer personal contact of the students with their instructors. While we do not doubt the advantages to the student which would result, we cannot agree with the writer of the Voice in his opinion that anything would be gained by a greater effort on the part of the professor to come into closer relation with the men in his class-room. Nor do we think that any blame attaches to the students. The fault lies entirely in the artificial system which is imposed upon the subjects studied—that of grades and marks. This is one of the many good reasons which makes us hope for the entire abolition of the grading system.

THE "PRINCETON COLLEGE BULLETIN."

THE object of the *Princeton College Bulletin* is "to deal editorially and through signed articles with the educational questions that affect our interests in this seat of learning as well as those of other institutions." The first number contains editorials, original contributions, summaries of papers read before scientific societies, summaries of papers published, miscellanies, notes and announcements. The leading article, and the one which will be of most interest to the general reader, is "The President's address at the opening of the College." We advise all who did not have the good fortune to hear it delivered, and all who did as well, to give it a careful reading. One cannot but feel the clear appreciation which the President has of the Princeton of to-day, and the earnest hope for, and spirit of endeavor to attain to, the Princeton of the future. The next editorial treats of "Two Projects for University and School Extension." It is, like every article in the *Bulletin*, clear and to the point, with no attempt at literary embellishment. Facts and details, not opinions and generalities, are given. The publication of such an article shows that our faculty are in sympathy with well-considered endeavors to extend the benefits of schools and universities without the walls of these institutions, even though they do not wish "to teach French and German by correspondence and to move through the circle of the sciences in six weeks." Next comes an authentic "List of graduates of Princeton College who have recently received appointments," including thirty-six names in all, of whom it is of interest to note twenty-five have graduated within the last decade. The last unsigned article is upon the new Biological Laboratory, of which an excellent phototype is given.

The remaining twenty-five pages (this number contains in all forty, excluding advertising pages,) are devoted mainly

to works by our professors, recently published or soon to be published, and abstracts of papers read before learned societies or published in periodicals.

Our attention has been called to omissions in regard to original work being done in the English department. Mr. M. H. Liddell, the University Fellow in English, as is stated (page 39), is making a special study of the "Beginnings of English Fiction." Mention should also be made of Mr. M. M. Miller, who is studying "The Development of the Formal Elements of English Dramatic Poetry;" of Mr. E. M. Hopkins, who will furnish "A Critical Estimate of the English of the Fourteenth Century;" of Mr. L. Wagener, who is making a careful study of Spenser's writings, and of Mr. W. Rankin, whose subject of investigation is "The Literary Affinities of the English Ballad."

The press work is good, and the general makeup wholly acceptable. A more clearly marked division between the different departments, and a slightly bolder type in the headlines, would, we think, add to the attractiveness of the printed form.

"It is hoped that the *Bulletin* will secure sufficient support to justify its appearance three or four times during the academic year." We quote the conclusion of the opening editorial. Now, with this as a text, the NASSAU LIT., from its ripe experience of forty-four successful years, would like to offer a bit of advice to its very learned but very youthful E. C. (pardon our boldness in thus addressing you). Let there be a definite date of publication, so that your friends may know when to look for your coming. One other point: we do not like the appearance of a lack of confidence in your own success which that reference to sufficient support contains. A traveling mesmerist who, by the way, could not mesmerize, but, nevertheless, aided a dozen Seniors to pass a very pleasant evening recently in the sanctum of the LIT., in alluding to the practice of his mesmeric art, said, "Gentlemen, I have often to assume a confidence which I

do not feel." The same thing, it seems to us, applies to the inception of a publication. It is true that the unlucky fate of the *Princeton Review* on that side of the college world which you represent, and of *The Philadelphian* on the side which we represent, may very well excuse a little shakiness in this new undertaking, but for all that you should, to misquote Hamlet, "assume a *courage* if you have it not."

We, on our part, feel reasonably sure that you have come to stay, and that you are one of the institutions of the Princeton of the future. But we confess that we should feel just a little bit easier if in place of three pages of advertisements you could show thirteen; for, so far as our own experience goes, the merchants of New York and Philadelphia, though perhaps they may not give very careful attention to your excellent article on "The Structure and Classification of the Mesozoic Mammalia," or to our contributions to high-class literature, nevertheless, are more generous contributors to the support of Princeton publications than the students and alumni of the college.

THE COLLECTION OF BOOKS.

"Oh, for a booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther in-a-doore or out,
Where I maie reade all at my ease
Both of the newe and olde,
For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke
Is better to me than golde."

— *Old English Song.*

THE number of men in college who make even a pretense of collecting books is exceedingly small. Of course, the collection of even a modest library is impractical to the majority of students, for many reasons, but it is certainly true that few seem to realize the opportunities that come to

us while in college for making judicious choices which may never be had again. Carlyle has said that a collection of books is a real university, and while a man in college is apt to buy quite a number of books outside his regular course of work, the collection at the time he graduates is apt, to say the least, a motley one. The number of books is large enough, but the fault lies in the selection. "There are books and books," says Sir John Lubbock, "and there are books 'which,' as Lamb says, 'are not books at all.'" Essay work, outside interests in art, literature, science, &c., tempt us to a good deal of reading, and as the facilities in the college library remain as uncomfortable as ever, the book-seller and not the librarian receives most of our patronage. While this naturally limits our scope in reading to a few purchased books, it makes us more careful in our selection, but in spite of this, shifting interests and changing growth alter our tastes for reading many times during the course.

What is needed is more attention paid to the selection. "We must be careful," says Lubbock again, "what we read, and not, like the sailors of Ulysses, take bags of wind for sacks of treasure."

Some of our professors are in the habit of offering help in this line to their classes, and will gladly give personal attention to those who will tell them their general ideas and tastes on the subject. Lists are often given of standard books, and the regular English literature course offers splendid opportunities for making systematic and intelligent selection. In this way opportunities are offered which are invaluable, and which are too little appreciated. If one takes the course followed in English literature, and buys a certain number of the books spoken of and criticised in connection with the studies, he will have at least a scholarly collection, though perhaps a small one.

Another great point is that the purchasing of books and the forming of a library is too little thought of. "He that

loveth a book," says Isaac Barrow, "will never want a faithful friend, a counselor, companion and comforter;" and the old saying that "reading maketh a full man" is a good one. Cicero describes a room without books as a body without soul.

Nothing is more essential to a cultured man than close acquaintance and constant association with books, and there is no better time to begin to form this habit and love for books than while in college. Proctor says they are to him "My friends in every season, bright and dim."

ELECTIVES IN SEMITIC LANGUAGES.

THE efforts being made to introduce the study of the Semitic languages into the curriculum should be appreciated by all who are interested in the development of Princeton as an American University. The historic and literary value of the Semitic writings and the importance of the languages themselves philologically, both seem to entitle them to a place in an institution which professes to give its due attention to every branch of true learning. Already at the University of Pennsylvania, Columbia, Yale and Harvard there is well-organized instruction in these languages. Why not at Princeton? There are those already in our faculty, or not very far away from us in the Seminary, who are fully competent to conduct the most thorough courses in the several languages. The immediate reason why we have not such courses is, of course, lack of money. But this, we are convinced, is not the only reason nor the chief reason. Were the need of them felt by all those who shape the affairs of Princeton, funds to establish professorships in the Semitic languages, or at least to provide instruction, would probably be forthcoming.

Two objections are urged against such additions to the curriculum. The first is that an elective, which is simply a propædæutic to a course in a theological seminary, is not in place in the college. Now, the principle in this seems to us correct, but the application to the case in hand not a true one. Certainly it is not the province of the university to give to men a little elementary instruction in Hebrew in order that they may acquit themselves more creditably during the earlier part of a seminary course. But this is taking a very narrow view of the matter. The Semitic languages and literatures, as we have said, are worthy of a place in the curriculum for their own sake, entirely apart from the relation which Hebrew may bear to the present curriculum in theological seminaries. Moreover, it is proposed to give not alone such elementary instruction as men would require for the purpose to which we have alluded, but a thorough course of instruction, both philological and literary, and this not alone in Hebrew, but in all the important Semitic languages, embracing Aramaic, Syriac, Arabic, Assyrian and Chaldean as well. These studies would probably extend through Junior and Senior years, and afterwards into post-graduate courses.

The second objection we can hardly consider with as much patience. It is one more widespread in its effects, and, just so long as and so far as it is allowed to have weight, must act as a check upon Princeton's development. At present the Junior schedule is so arranged that men who do not wish to study mathematics are compelled to elect either Latin or Greek. Now, it is very justly urged that any further additions to the present meager list of Junior electives would allow those who may feel that they have already given all the time they wish to the classics, to drop them at the end of Sophomore year. The objection may be put forth with less show of reason in the case of electives in the Semitic languages than in regard to almost any other extension of the curriculum; for those who would wish to avail themselves of such electives would probably be men who

intended to make a specialty of languages and general literature, and would therefore wish to continue the study of Latin and Greek. But the objection should not be put aside on this ground, but rather fairly met on the main issue. Let it be granted that the addition of Semitic languages to the curriculum, or of more of modern languages, or of a number of scientific courses, would detract from the size of the Greek and Latin elective classes. Is this a good and sufficient reason why such additions should not be made? We believe not. The day has passed when an A. B. was supposed to indicate only a smattering of Greek and Latin, or when true learning was supposed to consist solely in a thorough knowledge of the classics. This remark sounds trite, but it is never out of place so long as men are virtually compelled to study the classics—notwithstanding that they are nominally elective—at a time in the college course when such study can no longer be urged on the ground of mental discipline. We would not wish to abridge at all the present courses in Latin and Greek for Juniors and Seniors and for graduates, nor do we underestimate the culture-value and the discipline-value of a thorough knowledge of the classics. What we do object to most strongly is a system which promotes such study under compulsion.

Such thorough study of the Semitic tongues as is proposed might be expected to give an impetus to the study of other oriental languages, especially of the Sanskrit, the language in which are embodied the sacred writings of our own forefathers in India.

The ever increasing attention which is being given in our larger American colleges and universities to the general study of the Semitic languages and literatures would seem to indicate the transference of such study entirely from the theological seminary to the university. In this case, a knowledge of Hebrew would either be made a condition of entrance to the seminaries, or, more probably, be omitted altogether as a necessary part of a theological course, as Archdeacon Mackay-Smith has advocated in the January *Harpers*.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

This freezing month of ice and snow
That brings our lives together,
Lends to our year a living glow
That warms its wintry weather.

So let us meet as eve draws nigh,
And life matures and mellow,
Till nature whispers with a sigh
"Good-night, my dear old fellows."

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

H EIGH-HO for the coming of winter! We are, alas, finally compelled to give up our desultory pow-wows at odd corners and crossways of the campus and at last are driven indoors to seek the shelter of some classmate's room and the warmth of his kindly fire. And yet this season, though an object of dread to many, is a time that favors goodly fellowship, whether it be passed among our friends or among our books. With both, second term brings us into closer intimacy.

Alonso of Aragon is quoted by Sir John Lubbock, in his pamphlet on "The Pleasures of Life," as saying that "Age is a recommendation in four things—old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust and old books to read." Old books to read, notice, and not old books to leave on the topmost shelves as a prey to the thick dust of days; old books to trust as we do old friends, if we may be said to possess any such antiquarian rarities as old friends, for most of us, I fancy, have not yet reached the venerable age of three score years and ten. Yet very few, I think, consider reading as one of the pleasures of life. At least the tendency here among us is toward reading very little, except in connection with essay writing and class work. "'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." No one regrets it more than the Gossip. But it is a fact that there is very little of a literary atmosphere about us. Now and then some men of marked ability in letters appear among us, but they are mere meteors in our college firmament. The cause of this lamentable state of things is not far to seek. It springs from lack of training and lack of knowledge. One would think that a thorough knowledge of the mother tongue, not only of its diction, but of its idiosyncracies—a knowledge so thorough that it becomes an instinct or a second nature—ought to be made the primary basis upon which to build, the strongest foundation upon which to erect a liberal education. For the power to enter into the inmost penetralia, the most holy arcanum of our native speech; the power to use the right word at the right moment, the stark and sturdy Saxon word or the fluent Latin, according as we wish to impress

or to please; the ability to choose, without conscious thought, guided only by tact, the most familiar term that may evoke the deepest feeling, such a power is not to be spurned or carelessly underrated. This literary spirit is what co-ordinates all our knowledge, all our ideas; it is what imparts unity and harmony to the bare, separate facts which, without it, are idle and meaningless. It imparts something that is above logical order, while it includes it. I mean consistency in thought-life. Understood as I understand it, as giving form to the general mass, a literary taste should be sought after by any man that aims at distinction.

The semi-tone of careless contempt in which the majority of our fellows mention the exclusively literary man can be explained. The artifice of writing pretty phrases, taking jingles and rhymes, is not in itself to be particularly admired. But it is to be admired as showing an appreciation of delicate workmanship, precision in handling and lightness of touch, and, in short, all the tender and fine intricacies of a highly differentiated organism. It is the sign of a latent power which, if adapted to more serious purposes and ends, with the maturing of mind and heart, must, by a kind of necessity, lead to valuable results.

But literary taste comes only from reading, and capacity for enjoyment of books implies a good deal in the reader. That something is wanting. Is it strange that a literary spirit is not to be found among us? It will never be found so long as our preparatory schools train entering men so poorly that many cannot even spell with correctness. If, at least, they were taught to write with a certain regard for the laws of syntax, the mechanical rigidity of their first writings would soon be softened and molded into fluent phrases under the influence of the most desultory kind of reading. Perhaps, also, if lectures on English authors, like those we first enjoy in Junior year, were given earlier in the course, it would promote liking for books.

But, as Frederick Maurice says in a lecture on books, "An age of reading is not always favorable to the cultivation of the friendship of books." It is a fact that there are many who look upon them with a sort of dislike, "as if they were the natural foes of the human species." Speaking of men of this character whom he has known, the writer goes on saying, "Books seemed to them dead things in stiff binding that might be patted and caressed ever so much and would take no notice, that knew nothing of toil or pleasure, of hill or stubble-field, of sunrise or sunset, of the earnest chase or the feast after it." Most college men have the same feeling. But, after all, books are not dead things, and we cannot adopt Southey's gloomy view of them when he wrote with the sigh of one whose friends had failed him:

"My days among the dead are passed,
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-falling friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day."

Chaucer's cheery verses in the prologue to the "Legende of Goode Women" are much rather in tune with our own ideas:

"And as for me, though that I konne but lyte,
On bokes for to rede I me delyte,
And to him give I feith and ful credence,
And in myn herte have him in reverence,
So hertely that there is game noon,
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon."

This hearty enjoyment some find in reading comes from power of interpretative imagination and from insight into the most delicate shades of feeling in the writer. They set their fingers on the very pulse of another life. They trace beneath the veil the features of some new friendly human face. There are, it is true, in every library dusty folios and quartos, oftenest bound magnificently in gilt-edged calf, that are practically dead and buried under the amassing dust of time and of oblivion. But why are they dead? Because the author never put any of his soul, any of his joys or of his misgivings, into that forgotten work. Hawthorne, in a charming sketch of his "Old Manse" in Concord, tells us how one day he discovered in a garret many ancient sermons of ancestral Puritans, and how the discovery set his nerves atingle with the hope of finding among them forgotten jewels that would flash out the rich light of other ages; but how, on perusing a few, the hope died out like a lighted candle before a cold draft of air. For in these prosy sermons nothing could be found save cold, antiquated truths—major premise, minor premise, and conclusion—with nothing of the sweet breath of humanity about them. No portraits of the once strong personalities could be evoked out of their dull objectivity. No trace of hidden suffering and struggle, or of humble joy and kindness. These sermons were stone dead, like their writers. Then Hawthorne tells us how the question came up in his mind, whether those works that are brimful with the spirit of the age in which they have been written shall not last longer than any that aim at something beyond self, at something outside of the pale of humanity, at strict objective truth. For truth is constantly advancing like a tide that cannot be stemmed. What is true becomes untrue, or, rather the conclusion of one age becomes the premise of the next. Dogmatism is ruthlessly swept aside. Science is progressive. But humanity remains the same, and man must always be of interest to man.

This affords us a guiding principle. For just as in our reading, "we never can make any book our friend until we look upon it as the work of an I," as Frederick Maurice expresses it, so in our writing we must condemn anything in which we do not see the features of our own self, into which we have not cast some of our own experience. In a word, do not imitate, but stand upon your own instincts. Then only can any writing be a friend to the reader.

But after all, the favorite comparison of books to friends, so prevalent in literature, merely implies that friendship is the better of the two. This seems trite enough, but how many of our pallid pollers and night-workers forget it. Better spend an hour in talk than a day in meditation. For "friendship," says Bacon, "introduces daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts." In conversation with one whom he knows to the core, a man "tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshaleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself."

In light talk, indeed, one may assume the clown's garb and perform the most wonderful acrobatic feats, keep half a dozen plates twirling, and juggle with as many flashing swords. One may leap over impossible spaces from trapeze to trapeze, from bar to bar; one may ride the fiercest horses and jump through the smallest hoops. Or, in more serious discourse, one may become the most wary general, watching one's antagonist at every step, ready to take any advantage his carelessness may afford you; one may become the subtlest lawyer or the most fiery preacher. Everything is possible to one in conversation with a friend.

As long, then, as we have books or friends to enjoy, what is the use of sighing, "Heigh ho! the winter has come with sleet and snow?" Let us sing, rather, "Hey for the days of fun and goodly fellowship!"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end;
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

THE event which overshadows all others in the late history of college journalism is the appearance of *The Collegian*, "a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of under-graduates," and under the able editorship of Samuel Abbott, Williams, '87. The first number, bearing the date of January 1889, is full of promise. The leading article, "Harvard Reminiscences of Fifty Years Ago," is by the Rev. Edward E. Hale, and, as it is the purpose of the management that this place of honor shall be given in each number to a distinguished graduate, it was fitting that Harvard, as the oldest American college, should open the first number through one of her best literary representatives. With the exception of "the special paper," all stories, essays and poems will be the productions of under-graduates alone, while "The Round Table" invites their correspondence concerning the interests of the magazine, and the department "Letters" will receive from all quarters, home and foreign, communications bearing on college matters. Athletics are not neglected; the review of college periodicals is a marked feature, and it is announced that an extensive Book Review, as well as a Preparatory School Department, will be added to future numbers.

To say that such an organ of communication is needed and that it has a promising field is a waste of words. This is the age of association. "Intercollegiate" is already a familiar word, not only in athletics, but in even nobler fields. The colleges of the country are banded together in Christian association and work, and there is no reason why a similar community of interest and sympathy should not hold in scholastic pursuit and endeavor. We can see, also, valuable ends to be attained by the success of such a periodical. It will stand as a friendly critic of college journalism generally, removed from the partisanship which must mark the columns of the issues of the individual institution, and ready to suggest improvement and record praise as needed. It will also prove the open door to wider fields of journalism. Even the work done upon college papers and magazines has often proved of sufficient merit to secure recognition and position to the graduate, and *The Collegian* will hold a position that will afford a much more likely entrance both from its character and its field.

To say, therefore, that we most heartily welcome this initial number, and that we wish *The Collegian* the largest success, is to express our mind all too feebly. At the same time we recognize fully the difficulties in the way, and we hope that we will not be misunderstood if we express them freely. Even among our largest colleges, there is the difficulty of obtaining sufficient material worthy to fill the pages, while our exchange table shows how often, in the smaller colleges, even the aid of the faculty or of graduates is necessary to furnish the requisite matter. The pressure of the required work of the course is demanding all the time of the student, and even more; the literary work of the English department and that of literary societies leaves little time for other writing, and so, as the result, the editors of the papers of the largest universities are often compelled to fill out their empty columns by padding and clipping, and of our magazines with contributions below the standard. The hope of *The Collegian* in this respect is found in its immense constituency. We have no fears that it will trench upon the ground of college journalism, rather it will be a stimulus to students to so excel in the work of their own periodicals that they may receive recognition in its pages; but it is to us a doubtful matter to what extent it will receive the support of students as writers.

Another difficulty is that of remuneration. Some of the issues of individual colleges are sources of income to the editors, but few of them to any large extent, and none of them give anything like adequate compensation for the labor bestowed. Notwithstanding all the natural pride of students in their own papers and magazines, often, after personal and urgent solicitation, the subscription list is such that the reward of the management is largely in the experience and practice gained. There are many calls upon the students in these days, and the ordinary expenses of securing a collegiate education are such that many, who would naturally be subscribers to such a periodical as *The Collegian*, will feel themselves financially unable. The exchange list will also necessarily be enormous. We trust our fears are groundless. We hope that they will have the result of arousing the determination of the students to give their aid, both financial and literary, to such an extent that its success shall be immediately assured. The enterprise is as noble as it is bold. The editor is evidently in thorough sympathy with students. That he understands them and their feelings the editorial columns give abundant proof. If he has also the ability and the will to persevere until the magazine shall have proved both its need and value, *The Collegian* will be a success.

MAGAZINES.

The *Magazine of Art* for February is a notable number. Its frontispiece is probably the best portrait of Mr. Gladstone that has ever been published. A few pages further on and we are given a paper on "Mr. Gladstone and His Portrait," by T. Weinyss Reid, which is illustrated with

capital engravings from various portraits and caricatures. The opening paper of the number is a letter written in 1797 by John Flaxman, R.A., and never before printed. This is followed by the first of a series of papers on "The Isle of Arran." Some "Thoughts on our Art of To-day," by Geo. Frederick Watts, R.A., are given, in which he takes occasion to speak pleasantly of a little work on art by Verestchagin, the Russian painter whose paintings are now on exhibition in this country. There is a paper on "Art in the Theatre" in general, followed by one on art in the theatre in particular, being a very timely description, fully illustrated, of Mr. Irving's recent revival of "Macbeth." "Art Education," an interesting paper by Wm. P. Frith, and "Illustrated Journalism in England; Its Rise," bring the magazine to a finish with the exception of the Notes, which are full and carefully prepared.

The January number of *Outing* is of more than usual interest. Of the articles, "Among the Taurus Mountains," "Mask and Foil for Ladies," "The Lake Champlain Yacht Club," "Fast Ice Yachts" and "Hints to Foot-Ball Captains" are both seasonable and valuable contributions to the periodical literature of the month. In addition to these we find the concluding installments of two excellent papers, the first of the series on "American College Athletics," Harvard University, by J. Mott Hallowell, and "Sport—Past, Present and Future," by Alexander Hunter. Two entertaining stories, some excellent poetry and the usual editorial departments conclude the number.

There is a very attractive timeliness in several of the articles in the February *Atlantic*. "The New Talking-Machines" is the subject of a clean-cut, practical article on the phonograph, by Philip G. Hubert, Jr. Sarah Orne Jewett writes in her fascinating way of "A Winter Courtship," which tells "the old, old story," with the scene laid on the edge of winter "down in Maine." Charles Worcester Clark thoughtfully discusses "The Spirit of American Politics as shown in the Late Elections." A feature of this number is the admirable "Address to the Assembly at the Opening of the new Players' Club in New York," by T. W. Parsons, which became the special property of *The Atlantic*, and which is now for the first time published. In sharp contrast with this witty and cheerful poem, Henry C. Lea writes on "Brianda de Bardaxi," describing one of the fiendish devices of torture devised during the time of the Inquisition. The serials are Arthur Sherburne Hardy's successful novel, "Passe Rose," certainly a distinct contribution to current fiction, and "The Tragic Muse," Henry James's new story of English life. Some rather quaint points are raised in "The Contributors' Club," and "Books of the Month" is, as usual, as readable and entertaining as some of the more pretentious articles.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA, VOLUMES 5 AND 6. (NEW YORK: JOHN B. ALDEN.)

These volumes more than sustain the good reputation of the previous issues, being more full in their vocabulary, while the entire workmanship, both literary and mechanical, is fully up to that of the earlier books. The fifth volume extends from Bilbills to Brave, and contains among other valuable articles, discussions of the following topics: "Billiards," with a full account of the game; "Birds," a concise statement of the principal facts regarding this second class of vertebrate animals; Boston, Books and Bookbinding. The sixth volume extends from Bravo to Calville, and includes 120 illustrations. Along with its manifold number of words and topics treated briefly, we may mention among the many more extended articles, those on Brazil, Breech-loading Guns, Bridge, British Museum, and Buddhism. The Cyclopaedia well deserves the enthusiastic commendation it continues to receive from all sides, for it completely fills a great need. It is universally admitted that a good Cyclopaedia is a desirable possession for every home, and as this is a "home work" in its comprehensiveness, compactness, completeness and cheapness, it will continue to receive a welcome not only from the press, but from all who object to the usual bulky, unwieldy volumes of other similar publications, either on account of their size or price.

THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. (LONDON, EDINBURGH AND NEW YORK: T. NELSON & SONS.)

Scotland has had her history related again and again, but, with a few exceptions, the works have so entered into detail as to make them more valuable as books of reference than as popular treatises. The writer of the present volume has succeeded in giving the public, in attractive form, an account of the great events of Scottish history from the earliest times to the union with England. The need of such a presentation is very great. Most historians have lacked sympathy for the religious struggles and persecutions of the Scotch, and have thus entirely misrepresented their motives and aims. Besides this there are many whose ideas of Scottish history have been taken from novels, songs and ballads, and who thus view the events of this history only as colored by the poet's fancy. The author aims to correct such misapprehensions, and we know of no other volume so well suited as this for the reader who wishes a clear but concise knowledge of this great nation.

THE SERPENT TEMPTED HER. BY SEQUI SMITH. FLORENCE FABLES. BY WILLIAM J. FLORENCE. (NEW YORK AND CHICAGO: BELFORD, CLARKE & Co.)

The first of these books is a modern novel of about the average worth, with a plot well laid and a story of sufficient interest to while away an hour. The second is a gathering of the short stories by the eminent comedian. They are all tragedies, and have a special interest as revealing the decided influence of the life of the author in his profession, not only upon the style, but upon the matter of his stories.

GENERAL ASTRONOMY. BY CHARLES A. YOUNG, PH.D., LL.D. (BOSTON AND LONDON: GINN & Co.)

We are specially glad to welcome this valuable addition to our astronomical literature, coming, as it does, from the pen of one of our professors. The work fully meets the demand for a text-book which shall contain such information as every college graduate should possess, and, in addition to this, provides much that is of incidental interest or value as illustrating the point under consideration. The volume, therefore, while intended as a text-book, is not a mere compilation of data and facts regarding the subject of astronomy, the history and economic bearings of the science being also presented. This is not done in such a way as to burden the student's mind and confuse his thought, but the rather fixes the main ideas more firmly. From experience, we believe that the book accomplishes the purpose of the author as stated in the preface, "to give a clear, accurate, and justly proportional presentation of astronomical facts, principles and methods, in such a form that they can be easily apprehended by the average college student with a reasonable amount of effort." But more than this, it proves conclusively that a thoroughly scientific book does not need to be full of obtruse mathematical demonstrations and formulæ. The typographical work of the book is excellent, and it is entirely free from those exaggerated illustrations which, though very beautiful from an artistic point of view, convey wrong ideas of the facts they are intended to illustrate. We heartily concur in the statement of Prof. Rees, of Columbia, who sums up the general verdict of teachers of astronomy in general, that it is "the best book of its class in existence."

LATIN GRAMMAR. BY J. B. GREENOUGH AND J. H. ALLEN. (BOSTON AND LONDON: GINN & Co.)

The publishers of this volume have taken advantage of the opportunity offered by the necessary recasting of its plates to cause such improvements to be made in it as the advance of grammatical knowledge and experience in the school-room have shown to be advisable. Of these improvements there may be mentioned, as especially valuable, the re-

statement of some difficult principles, the increasing of the number and range of the examples, the more extended and careful treatment of the formation of words and a number of most valuable suggestions on the order of words. The revising editors have in no case sacrificed scientific correctness for the sake of clearness, and have not changed to any degree the numbering of the sections. Being before almost universally accepted as the standard grammar of the language, in its new form it cannot but receive a still wider welcome.

HIS TWO WIVES. BY MARY CLEMMER. (BOSTON: TICKNOR & Co.)

This latest addition to "Ticknor's Paper Series of Choice Reading" is an interesting novel, by the author of the well-known volume entitled "Poems of Life and Nature." Like Miss Clemmer's other works, it is marked by thoughtfulness, high principle and purity of tone. Though dealing with lives of suffering, the theme is treated throughout with a respect for the honorable and a reverence for blameless suffering. Through its clear discrimination between right and wrong it cannot but exert a salutary influence upon the reader.

LIFE OF BOLINGBROKE. BY ARTHUR HASSALL, M. A. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.)

In this volume we have a valuable addition to "The Statesmen Series." Bolingbroke was so closely connected with all the political, literary, philosophical and social movements of his day that a history of his life is a valuable help to a thorough understanding of the events of the first half of the eighteenth century. Although there are a number of large volumes which deal with this statesman's career, we know of no other brief yet comprehensive discussion of his life and influence. The evident care with which the work has been prepared gives us a confidence in the author's conclusions in regard to the knotty questions which frequently arise in a study of Henry St. John's career. The value of the book is enhanced by the addition of three chapters upon the career, character, literary friendships and opinions of the subject of the sketch.

THE STORY OF LOUISIANA. BY MAURICE THOMPSON. (BOSTON: D. LOTHROP Co.)

The wonderful popularity already attained by the volumes of the Lothrop's charming series, "The Story of the States," cannot fail to be enhanced by this latest issue. The whole aim of the series is to furnish easy, and at the same time instructive, reading for an ease-loving public. To this end, each volume must be a connected, succinct *story*, free from dreary statistics and relieved of everything like politics or social philosophy, and yet containing in its substance the essential truths of the history it represents. Perhaps, of all the States, Louisiana has a story that

lends itself most readily to such a treatment, and, happily, the author has seized upon his opportunity and given us an entertaining and, at the same time, unified account of the fortunes of this section of our land. The wild life of the early times and the transition to a more settled state under the French occupation, the long period of interaction between the different elements that gave rise to the peculiar type of local characters of late brought into prominence in the delightful stories of Cable and Miss King, as well as the part the commonwealth has played as a member of the Federal Union and the gradual passing away of the old régime, are all strikingly portrayed. No evening could be more pleasantly spent than in living through, in imagination, by the help of our author, the checkered life of the Pelican State.

THE GREAT EVENTS OF HISTORY. (LONDON AND NEW YORK: T. NELSON & SONS.)

Nothing more marks modern progress than the great improvement in school and text-books. Nowhere is this better seen than in the higher class readers and histories of our primary schools. This book is in line with the attempt lately successfully made in many of our schools to introduce such matter for reading exercises as shall not only afford discipline in reading, but, at the same time, impart useful information. The course most commonly adopted is to make use of some narrative history. For this purpose the book cannot be too highly commended. It is no mere chronology, as are most attempts to condense the history of any considerable period to convenient units for school use, but it presents, in an easy and pleasing style, a comprehensive view of the principal events of the Christian era, and, at the same time, gives a truthful picture of the habits, customs and life of the peoples and the characters of leaders by whom the great drama has been played.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. BY ROBERT MACKENZIE. (LONDON AND NEW YORK: T. NELSON & SONS.)

Few books of the last twenty-five years, certainly no books of history, have attained such deserved and wide popularity as Mackenzie's "Nineteenth Century." Its clear, facile style, its accuracy and force of statement, its catholicity and impartiality of judgment—a quality most difficult to secure in writing of contemporary history—and its wise selection of facts, have already secured it a universal welcome. A thoroughly good, popular edition, within the reach of all classes of readers, has long been needed. This new edition by the Messrs. Nelson exactly meets the want. Clear type, attractive pages and tasteful binding combine, with intrinsic merit, to make a valuable accession to any library.

IN PALACE AND FAUBOURG: A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. BY C. J. G. (LONDON, EDINBURGH AND NEW YORK: THOMAS NELSON & SONS.)

The author's object in this story is to give a true description of the horrors of the French revolution, viewed from both sides of French life—the aristocratic and the peasant. By a careful interweaving of his plot, the two classes are brought into close relationship. The work throughout is characterized by a keen insight into the ways and custom of the peasantry, as well as by a true appreciation of court life. The persons described are noble, true and sincere, though not unnaturally so, for their passions and evil tempers are not always under their control. The style is simple, clear, and, though in places somewhat quaint, is thoroughly attractive. A current of religious sentiment underlies the whole plot, proving ultimately the superiority of Protestantism over all the superstitions and false creeds of the Romish Church.

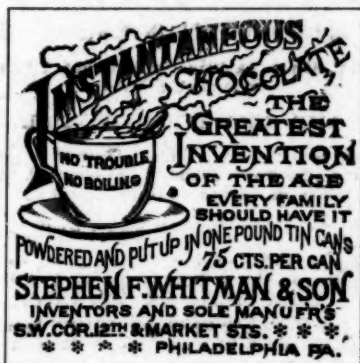
CALENDAR.

JAN. 3d.—Opening of Second Session.

JAN. 7th.—Announcement of Baird Prizes for Senior Chapel Stage Speaking: The Baird Prize, Robert E. Speer, Pa.; prize for Oratory, divided between Robert H. Life, N. Y., and T. H. P. Sailer, Pa.; for Delivery, Maitland Alexander, N. Y.; for Poetry, William L. Merrill, N. Y.; for Disputation—first prize, Frank S. Katzenbach, Jr., N. J.; second prize, Edmund Y. Robbins, N. J.

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JAN. 8TH.—Meeting of the Trustees. The site for the new dormitory selected.

JAN. 9TH.—Report of the Base-ball Treasurer.

JAN. 14TH.—Freshmen Class Meeting. The following officers were elected: Base-ball Manager, Vredenberg; Lacrosse Manager, Rieman; Tug-of-war, J. Riggs.....Glee Club concert at Queenstown.

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JAN. 16TH.—Glee Club concert at New Brunswick.

JAN. 19TH.—Union Games, Madison Square Garden, New York; Dohm, '90, wins the half mile.....Intercollegiate Base-ball Convention at Parker House, Boston.

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JAN. 21ST.—Sophomore Class meeting.

JAN. 22D.—Glee Club concert at Germantown.

JAN. 24TH.—The Rutgers Glee Club concert in University Hall, for the benefit of the Lacrosse Association.

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